

THE FARM.

The Story of My Farmer Boy.

(Continued from last week.)

You ought to have seen the letters that I got from those hundred boys. If you should drop into my old office some Saturday afternoon when it is raining and we haven't much to do, I will show you letters that money could not buy. One little fellow down there at Brighton wrote me and said: "My dear friend—I received the dollar bill you sent me for which I thank you. I am a little orphan boy nine years old. I live with my uncle and aunt who are very kind to me. This is the first dollar I have ever owned in all my life and I am going to keep it just as long as I live for a nest egg."

I wrote that little fellow as nice a letter as I knew how to write him. Told him I hoped he would grow up to be a good man and that I wanted to hear from him until he was fully grown, and one day while I was making a talk over at Bunker Hill a little fellow scrambled up on the platform and coming up to me said, "Don't you know me?" "Why yes, where did I see you before?" "Why, I am that little nest egg fellow from Brighton." (Laughter.)

And then about the boy that won the bicycle. I was sure when I found his history that he would be a rich man's son, but I want to promise you tonight that when I found the history of the boy who won the \$100 bicycle he turned out to be a little bit of a poor scrap of a boy that lived away out on Brush Mound, and he had raised a little garden on a little thin piece of ground that would hardly be fit to raise cucumbers on. And, when I found the history of that boy, I found that he had carried water all summer long in an old powder can to water that corn, and when I took him up on the platform that night and stood him up on my table in the presence of twenty-five hundred farmers and introduced him to them as the champion farmer boy of that county, I want to say that your governor here in Chicago never received a heartier ovation than he did, and he never deserved it any more either. (Applause.)

When I went to St. Louis during the World's Fair with the agricultural department of the state of Illinois, Governor Yates told me that the one condition upon which I might go was that I would take my farmer boys with me. Well, that was the only condition that I would go on, and so I got up \$3,500 worth of premiums and I sent out a list of those premiums to 120,000 farmer boys in the state of Illinois and eight thousand of them responded, packed their corn, and sent it to me at Carlinville, and there we put it up on racks to dry, and after it was dry every ear was wrapped in a nice piece of paper and then packed with deft fingers and sent to St. Louis. And there we built large pyramids of ten ears of corn, and deftly stretched a little string of green ribbon over each one of them and put on the name of the boy who had raised it. Then I thought I would like to have a photograph of it. You know when we hear of anybody we like to see the color of his hair and see what he looks like. So I sent out to the boys and asked them to send me their photographs to put upon their corn. Six hundred boys sent me their pictures, and I tacked the picture onto the boys' corn and there was the whole story of his summer work.

One morning when I was at St. Louis, I got a telephone message from the eastern part of the state. It said, "Is this Mr. Otwell?" I said "Yes." He said, "You have my boy's corn at St. Louis, and yesterday we took the little fellow around and tucked him under the blue-grass at the brow of the hill. I wonder if you would like to have his picture with his corn?" And I told him I should, and when the picture came I got on a street car and took it down to Crawford's dry goods store and got a nice little frame for it, and then I took it to the ribbon counter and told the girl the story of the boy, and told her I would come back in about an hour and asked her to fix it up just as nice as she could. When I came back she had fixed it up very prettily and I took the photograph out with me and set it up by the boy's corn without a word on the picture, and I promise you now, as I sat in my office, which was within ten feet of the boy's corn, that if there was one there were ten thousand old farmers, who, as they came ambling down those aisles and came to that picture with its black frame and its drapery, took out their old handkerchiefs and rubbed the sweat off their faces, of course. And they did not say a word, but went on down the aisle. Oh, I knew what they were thinking. I had thought the same thought a thousand times before.

And, there, my friends, is the story of the boy who has twelve thousand manufacturers any time at...

of them now, and I want to tell you that when the last day of the fair came and all that corn was to be pulled down and taken away as souvenirs by the St. Louis school children, the day before I gathered together my help and we went out and took every photograph down. I did not trust them to any express company or any freight office. I put them in my grip and carried them home, and there they are on my office walls today, to watch me in every sentence I write, in every thought I think.

And then, again, I thought of the banner which we had put up over the corn raised by those farmer boys of Illinois and which most of the people had stopped to admire and to comment upon the efforts of those eight thousand boys. I did not trust that banner to anybody. I took it down and folded it up carefully, put it in my own grip and shipped it to my own office and there tonight it hangs above the pictures of the farmer boys of Illinois, and I want it to stay there just as long as it may.

That is the story of my boys, my friends. God bless the farmer boys of Illinois and teach them to be good and great and strong, for I promise you tonight, my friends, that the farmer boys of this land will in the future, more largely than in the past have to do with the shaping of the world's affairs. (Applause.)

WATER FOR HOGS.

Don't keep sow and pigs or grown hogs in a dry lot during the hot months. Hogs must have a bathing place to have health. Dig a hole large enough for two hogs, and keep it full of water, if you have to draw it from a well every day. The writer has seen a number of fat hogs die on a warm day for the want of drinking and bathing water. Better listen to these words!

THE LOCUST BORERS.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued an interesting bulletin on the locust borer which will prove valuable to the owners of many locust groves in Kentucky. This little beetle lays its eggs on the bark of the trees and the larvae begin boring into the wood shortly afterwards, and keep it up until the most valuable locust timber will be ruined in course of time. To fight this pest the department suggests several methods, as follows: Cutting the trees between November and May, which will kill the eggs and larvae; barking trees in August and burning the bark to accomplish the same purpose; immersing cut logs in water; collecting the beetles from goldenrod flowers; using poisoned bait; and propagating trees immune from the borer in several ways.

SUBSTITUTES FOR CORN.

The Agriculturist appeals to its former friends to sow rape for carrying the hogs through the summer months in good health, so that they can be fitted for making jelly, sweet hams and shoulders on the farm. The city people are disgusted with the meat and lard that are put up in the packing houses of the West. The lard that comes from such packing houses is not fit for any human's stomach. Farmers, hear us! Grow your hogs, kill and cure at home, and the bacon will pay larger profit than shipping them to the packers.

Clean and pure lard put up in the country homes of the tidy women will sell for two cents a pound more than the packing house combination lard. There is a liquid free from any chemical preservatives which, if applied to the hams, will preserve in the best manner.

New Things.

The most popular pieces of jewelry now are neck chains with cross pendants; and bracelets in a variety of styles. Conley's store has a new supply.

Rogers, Wallace and sterling silver spoons in attractive patterns at Conley's.

The handsomest line of odd pieces of china and cut glass at Conley's. Haviland China and Libby cut glass at same prices or less than you pay in the city.

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Everything in stationery and office supplies.

Those \$5 clocks at Conley's are the handsomest to be had anywhere at the price. CONLEY'S STORE

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HALF THE WORLD WONDERS how the other half lives. Those who use Bucklen's Arnica Salve never wonder if it will cure Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Sores and all Skin eruptions; they know it will. Mrs. Grant Shy, 1120 E. Reynolds St., Springfield, Ill., says: "I regard it one of the absolute necessities of housekeeping." Guaranteed by A. M. Hughes, druggist 25c.

Early Day Doctors.

A writer in the Cynthiana News has been furnishing that paper with some very interesting reminiscences of the early settlement of that section of Kentucky. The following extract will amuse if it doesn't instruct:

DOCTORS.

As for the disciples of Esculapius not one of them trod the soil of this town or neighborhood from the year 1780 until about the year 1890. It may be asked how sick folks got along in that 20 years or more. In the first place men who lived a great deal in the open air, and got meat from the forests and glens, tender venison, the juicy bear, the substantial buffalo, the delicate turkey, pheasant, partridge, squirrel, and in place of pork the fat opossum, and these all taken in the hunt, with the rifle and hunting dogs, and all this food sweetened by toil made men healthy, and they rarely got sick. In these days if a man took cold the remedy was to drink down a half-pint or a pint of bear's oil—the quantity depended upon the capacity of a man's stomach, then lay down before a log fire in the woods, wrapped up in his blanket and if it snowed three or four inches deep on him in the night it was all the better, and when he awoke in the morning and shook the snow off his blanket as the lion would the dew drops from his mane, the man was well of his cold, and fully prepared to take up his rifle and renew the hunt. If a man was taken sick in his fort or cabin the women were the doctors. Then the Eleocampain and Comfrey and Ditty tea were the sovereign remedies successfully used, and occasionally the comb of a hornet nest was scorching before the fire and a tea made of it, and drank without scruple, and covered up in a blanket or buffalo rug, producing a copious sweat worked wonders. If a hornet's nest was not to be had, sage tea was used. But a good sweat was an indispensable thing. In case of measles, which did not hurt much in those days, all the patient had to do was to keep out of the wet, unless the case was more severe than usual, then sheep-nipple tea was prescribed; about a quart of that condiment swallowed down at night was certain to effect a cure. In case of the bloody flux, very uncommon in those days, a sovereign remedy was used and is to this day the best of all. It was a simple remedy and always successful and for the benefit of the present generation I will record it in my history.

RECIPE.

Take about 2 pounds of the inner bark of the white oak tree, taken off near the root on the north side, the bark there being the thickest and strongest; put the bark in an iron vessel with a gallon of water, boil it down to a quart, then take out the bark and add a quart of new milk and a lump of sugar about the size of a duck egg, boil that down to a quart; when cooled a little it is fit for use.

DOSE.

Half a common teaspoonful, and two large tablespoonful, and every two hours after two tablespoonful, and continued until the pains in the rectum or lower bowel cease, then hold on. If after that the pains should return, commence again with the same treatment. But the first course generally produced the desired effect. Then let nature do her perfect work, and in a day or two the bleeding ulcers in the rectum would slough off and all pass off in the natural way, and the patient is well. Don't want to cleanse the bowels by putting calomel down the throat, for if you do you unlock the liver and let down bile upon the bleeding ulcers and then you might as well speak for your coffin. This course in a practice of 70 years always cured the disease if taken in time.

It is true some of the old ladies were a little tinctorious with a superstitious notion that the bark had to be peeled upward and the water dipped up stream. But in the fullness of time that notion has been exploded—however, to do so did no harm.

Special Clubbing Offer.

An arrangement has been made by the NEWS by which, for a limited time, we can furnish the Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer and this paper one year for \$1.50. Those wanting to take advantage of this offer should do so as soon as possible, as we do not know how long the arrangement will last.

The weekly Courier-Journal will also be furnished at the same price.

Also, we will furnish the Cincinnati Post and the Big Sandy News, both one year, for \$2.50.

This offer is not good in corporate limits covered by a carrier of the Post.

Also, we will send the Home and Farm and Big Sandy News one year for \$1.25.

We will sell you any standard kind of a
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Mr. Robert O. Burke, Elmore, N. Y., writes: "Before I started to use Foley's Kidney Cure I had to get up from twelve to twenty times a night, and I was all bloated up with dropsy and my eyesight was so impaired I could scarcely see one of my family across the room. I had given up hope of living, when a friend recommended Foley's Kidney Cure. One 50 cent bottle worked wonders and before I had taken the third bottle the dropsy had gone, as well as all other symptoms of Bright's disease."

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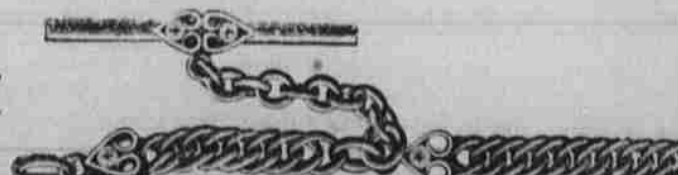
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